# THE SPIRIT OF KARSAS,

#### The Prohibition Printing Company. Topeka, - - Kansas

Sixty Cents a Year in Advance. Or Two copies One Dollar,

The SPIRIT of KANSAS aims to be a first class amily Journal, devoted to farm and home afters, and to all industrial, social and moral interests that go to make up the greater part of our Western Life. It will be found useful to those engaged in any of the departments of rural labor. Its miscellany, original and selected, will be such as w.ll interest and instruct. Its editorial page will treat of matters relating to our social, industrial, and political life wherever and whenever the interests of the great working masses appear involved, and always from a broad, comprehensive, and independent standpoint. We shall endeavor to make a paper representing the great west.

Our regular subscription price, for single subscibers will be 60 cents, or two copies \$1.00, Clt bs of five or more 50 cents each.

The Republican party in this state, if one could tell what the party really is, would be in a minority.

Miss Jennie Newby is doing good work in the southern part of the state. She is a very entertaining speaker, and is in great demand. It is the purpose of the State Organizer Dr. Canniff to keep her in the field.

St. John will make his enemies in Kansas howl with rage from the 20th of October to the end of the campaign. He will not be able to reach every county, but every county should have its straight prohibition party tal and the state officials that every ticket in the field, so that it may be

It is a pity that the Capital must waste so much ink and paper to prove that it is a consistent prohibition paper. The people some time ago decided that they had no use for paper nor party that had to spend half the time proving its devotion to princi ple. The people want only what proves itself by its work.

The State Temperance Union, under instructions from the politicians, has resolved to withdraw its speakers ing to ignore prohibition in state politics hereafter, it is not consistent to have men out talking temperance pending an election, especially when very few of the tickets are not antiprohibition. So Bro. Griffin's harp will hang on the willow for six mournful weeks—a loss of \$180.

Iowa is this year going through the same experience that Kansas had last year. That is, they are organizing the Third Party and have called a state convention to nominate a state ticket. This action draws out the fire of the liar and slanderer Clarkson, who opposes it. He and all the other small fry who have no more political sagacity than he, will do well to hurry out of the way before they are ground to powder.

When will Gov. Martin begin to enforce the law? It looks very much as if a little bit of perjury, as he himself put it, is springing up in his heart. Not only are saloons going to seed in his own town, and in Leavenworth, Dodge City and about all the towns in Wyandotte, to say nothing of the secret and open dens in this city, but several new towns have to be added to the list. Gov. Martin's enforcement of law, never is, but always is to be.

By the present Prohibition law intoxicating liquor is recognized as a medicine but is not to be used as such on the premises where sold. One may buy a box of cathartic pills, and swallow them all, on the spot; he may take quinine or soak his aching head in camphor; he may buy and take any antidote for poison except liquor, but if he buys that he must go out upon the street before he can take it, no matter how urgent the case may be. Perhaps this is to protect the drug-gist from being called on to swear that his customer took it as a bever-

#### Volunteer Work.

Dr. H. J. Canniff, state organizer, will go out to organize counties or address prohibition clubs wherever provision is made for actual expenses.

The Hon. C. H. Branscombe, of Lawrence, and G. F. Kimball, of the Spirit of Kansas, will fill appointments on the same terms whenever oossible.

It is recommended that some one n each county interested in the work, enter into correspondence with other parties in neighboring towns and so provide for a series of meetings, by which means expenses will be light.

WANTED. At the Commonwealth office, a leader for the Republican party. No one need apply who cannot beat John A. Martin as a strad-

Poor old Capital. It spends half its time and energy in trying to explain its position. After declaring in favor of the Ohio license-regulation platform it flies into a passion if Van Bennett refers to it.

The Commonwealth says that a few papers make fun of its idea that a leader is wanted for the Republican party. That paper declares it is no funny matter, and assures the Capibody else can see danger ahead if they

Senator Sherman is determined to fight the war over again. The whole burden of his speeches before the people of his state is on that line. He turns up his fossilized old nose at Sherman will possibly be made to understand that the world has moved on and left him standing as senseless as a horseblock.

Ohio, New York and Massachusetts Prohibition tickets in the field, and are in the midst of a lively campaign.

In due time the Topeka Commonwealth will be the Democratic State Organ. It might place itself in accord with that party today and then be more consistent than the Capital is with its straddling policy.

The Hon. C. H. Branscombe and M. V. B. Bennett will probably be billed for a series of meetings to be held in the eastern tier of counties. They make a powerful team.

All speakers who are willing to do volunteer work, by organizing counties and addressing meetings, upon payment of all actual expenses, are requested to notify Dr. H. J. Canniff, State Organizer, North Topeka.

## The Spirit of Kansas

The above is the name of a thoroughly alive and wide-a-wake prohibition paper published at Topeka, Kansas, and edited by our old friend G. F. Kimball. It is a six column weekly and the price is only sixty cents a year. If this paper indicates the spirit of Kansas, it speaks well for that state. We are afraid, however, that publishing such a paper at so low a price will take the spirit out of the proposition. of the proprietor. The name of the paper is suggestive. Prohibition seems to be the spirit of Kansas, while the spirit of Missouri is that which pays 90 cents a gallon revenue.

—Marshall, Mo., Conflict.

We will say for the encouragement of our good friend Dr. Holland and other Missouri Prohibitionists that the spirit of Kansas is rapidly coming to be in harmony with this paper. Prohibition is the spirit of Kansas, but the Republican party has proven to be a mighty poor medium for it to work through. But don't be discouraged, doctor, the spirit of Missouri will fall into line in good time, when both the old parties are ground in the old parties are ground wited to attend. All papers favoring in the mill of Prohibition.

#### Albert Griffin at Salina

EDITOR SPIRIT:-Last evening some of our citizens listened to a lecture from Albert Griffin of Manhattan, lecturer and organizer for the State Temperance Union.

The meeting was held in the Methodist church, the largest in our city; the church was well filled, but not

The speaker began his lecture by telling us about "fossils," he told us that "fossils were animals or men that were dead and petrified;" he said from the fall of Samaria to the Baby"that there were fossils of men and fossils of Nations" that "when men had contributes a pleasant and the said from the fall of Samaria to the Babylonish captivity. The Rev. Edward A. Rand contributes a pleasant and the said from the fall of Samaria to the Babylonish captivity. fossils of Nations" that "when men they knew all that is to be known about any topic that is before the people they became fossils," that when "Nations became inactive or non-progressive they became fossils;" but he didn't say anything about political parties becoming fossils when they ceased to be progressive, although he might have said something about a glorious old party becoming a fossil away back when it adopted a certain "Raster resolution," and has ceased to be progressive on the temperance question ever since, though its friends-many of them-have coaxed it terribly hard to speak plainly on the temperance question.

The speaker talked about an hour and a half; but did not say anything about "politics" and if we had not known he was working in the interests of the State Temperance Union, we could not have known what party he is working for; but as the S. T. U. resolved itself into a Republican parprohibition, and does not regard it as ty side show at its annual meeting an issue of any account. Mr. Senator last winter, of course nobody is

We are not a prophet; but we would just like to whisper in your ear that we wouldn't be surprised if "Albert" would land in the ranks of the third and Pennsylvania have now full State party in the near future, he don't talk as though he was altogether at home where he is; but if he does stay in the Republican rank, he will have to make another concession immediately after their next State Conven-

> The hat was passed at the close of the meeting but they did not get a very fat collection, so we understand.

## The Usual Way.

ABILENE, KAN. Sept. 16, 1885. G. F. KIMBALL:-License and whiskey the "Eternal principles"—should be infernal-of the Republican party holds good in Dickinson county in the party nominations for County officers this fall. The Republican primaries were maniplated in favor of anti-prohibition successfully. Some of the temperance Republicans were dissatisfied and called a meeting of the Temperance Union thinking they would bring out an independent temperance candidate for sheriff But before the gathering together of the August body something mysterious transpired and the members of whiskes Sherift straight, as an "Efter-one transbired and the members of the State of Kausas took their shift in the state of the State of Kausas took their shift in the state of the stat nal principle,"

All the plea they hold forth in favor of the nominee is he is a young man and had never been tried. We take that to mean he never has been guaged and therefore unable to tell how many gallons he holds, also how many young men he can influence to partake of the social glass.

> Yours truly, R. J. FINLEY.

Second Annual Meeting of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association.

The State Equal Suffrage Associa-tion will hold its Second Annual Convention at Salina on the 28th and

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for October opens with the first infor October opens with the first installment of a new serial by Fannie Aymar Mathews, entitled "Dilettente Days," a bright and taking story of travel. The three chapters given take the reader across the Antlantic, through Liverpool, Chester and Warwick; the illustrations are appropriate and truthful. The two stories. "Love's Harvest," by Fargeon, and "What She Made of Her Life," by Mrs. Farmer, go on entertainingly, Mrs. Farmer, go on entertainingly, Two of Christ's Parables are given in that series. The Bible History arti-cle treats of the Kingdom of Judah fossils of Nations" that "when men ceased to be progressive and thought they knew all that is to be known about any topic that is before the people they became fossils," that number, or \$2.00 a year, postpaid.

—it was somewhat embarrassing for Aunt Jane when Johnny, a few even-ings since, at a gathering of friends at his mother's house, asked: "Didn't you know the real Noah, Aunt Jane?"

-We are glad to learn from a valued —we are glad to learn from a valued contemporary that "pickled walnuts are now introduced at dinner." If there is anything we dislike it is to sit opposite a pickled walnut at dinner and not be on speaking terms with it.—

Philadelphia Press.

#### The Effect of Snuff on Deer.

The duke of Athole had recently as a guest a Frenchman who was desperate ly anxious to shoot a stag. He shot at many, but with one unvarying result, that when he opened his eyes the ani-mals had disappeared. But one happy day a herd fled past him; he fired and day a herd fled past him; he fired and a monarch of the glen fell. The count's joy was extreme. He ran forward, seated himself on the prostrate body of the stag and sympathetically condoled with him on his misfortune to be shot. "Well, mon ami, so you are dead! Poor fellow!" he cried, and having stroked the defunct, proceeded to take some snuff. With an air which nature has denied to all but the French nation, the count held a pinch of snuff tion, the count held a pinch of snuff to the deer's nose. "Take a pinch, mon ami—take a pinch!" he exclaimed, and in a moment found himself all in a heap on the ground. Whether the deer had been stunned, shot through the loins, or in some other way temper rarily disabled does not appear; but, revived by the snuff, he sprang to his legs and bolted. Stop, traitor, stop!" cried the count; but the stag never heeded; and so, consigning the beast to regions remote, the poor count re-turned sorrowful and stagless to din-ner.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Lord Malmsbury, in his new Memoirs, tells this amusing incident, hap-pened during the visit of the Queen to Cherbourg in 1858: "An absurd oceurrence took place when Sir John Packington, as First Lord of Admiral-ty, landed Lord Hardwick and Admiral Dundas in his barge. As he steered her, he kept time with the men as he would if he had been rowing on the Thames; bending his body backward and forward, and as he approached the pier, not having given the order of 'Way enough,' the boat with her whole force struck the mole, and the two admirals and the whole crew fell sprawling on their backs. The rage of the two former, after recovering themselves, was vented with uncontrolled expressions on the unfortunate First Lord, amid the laughter of the spectators." Lord Malmsbury, having already written this in his journal, must have been delighted when he first saw the "Pinnfore."

Freemasons in America. America about fifteen years ago. The ritual has, of course, been translated years ago, and among the Chinese in America about fifteen years ago. The Freemasonry was introduced into Ohina by an Englishman about sixty

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# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS.

G. F. KIMBALL. EDITOR.

For the Week Ending Sept 19, 1885. Entered in the Post Office in Topeka, for transmission as second class matter.

Our Prohibitory Law.

Our present prohibitory law is a great farce. Every saloon in the state may be closed under it and drugstores as easily substituted. But the party that enacted the law does very little to enforce it. What is done is mostly by those in sympathy with the Prohibition party.

There is but very little to gain by enforcing the law. When the very best is done, there is nothing to prevent any one from filling out an application, saying that he wants so much of a certain kind of liquor for a certain disease, real or imaginary, and there are always enough drugstores to supply the medicine.

No physicians prescription is needed. Every one is his own doctor, and he can fill up as many applications every day as he wants drinks, and get them every time.

The good, unsuspecting preacher from New York, or somewhere else, comes to Kansas and finds no saloons except in a few towns, which are increasing of late. He writes back to his friends that Prohibition in Kansas is a great thing, and gives the credit to the Republican party.

The St. Louis or Chicago drummer comes here, goes from his hotel to the nearest drugstore, the first thing in the morning, gets a half dozen blank applications calling each for a pint of brandy which he signs when filled out, and these he presents as regularly at that druggists counter, as he would call at the bar of a Missouri saloon, and gets what he wants in one case as surely as in the other. And this he may do when the law is thoroughly enforced. It could not have been done under the former law. This man writes to his democratic paper that Prohibition in Kansas is a failure, that it does not prohibit, and not all the talk on earth can convince him that the whole thing is not a humbug.

But this is Prohibition as the Republican party has given it to Kansas. The law is a Republican bastard. They are the ones who should take care of it, and Prohibitionists have very little to lose if they let them

Dr. H. J. Canniff of this city, who was made State Organizer by the new Prohibition Central Committee, is succeeding well in raising funds, and if he is properly supported he will do most efficient work. His correspondence shows a general arousing of the people from one end of the state to the other. They say they will see whether Prohibition is to be left out of party platforms. Yes, they will

Nearly one half, or over thirty counties in this state now have straight Third Party Prohibition tickets in the field, and conventions are called for as many more. The reports that come from all sides are very encouraging and indicate the most earnest determination to show the politicians that Prohibition will not stay ignored despite all their resolutions, and that not even the State Temperance Union can betray the cause.

The Capital is a great newspaper When one of the most prominent men of the state, one who has held an important consulate in England for over half a score of years, appointed by President Grant, comes to the capital city to make an address, it says nothing about it. And all because Mr. Branscombe, who voted last year for Blaine and Logan, did not come to make a Republican, but a Third Party Prohibition speech. If the Capital pursues this plan it will cheat its readers out of a great deal of news, for we assure that paper that the pot has hardly begun to boil, while there is lots of dry wood on hand ready for use.

It is a source of trouble to the Capital that Van Bennett does not go ov er to the democrats. That he should leave that party just as it was coming into power and remain firmly with the Prohibition Party, gives the lie to all its predictions about him made last year. Van Bennett and Campbell worked for the State Temperance Union, a non-partisan organization. Bennett did not try to sell it out to the democratic party, and steal the people's money and convert it to the use of that party. But Campbell did it in the interest of the Repuplican party, and the comparison is very odious. The Capital cannot make a bugaboo out of Benntt.

There are now three tickets in the field in this county—the Democratic, Republican, and Workingman's. The Prohibitionists will also have a ticket n a few days.

The Prohibition meeting at the courthouse last Thursday evening, the first of the campaign, has a deal of significance. The politicians affect to ignore it, but they will come to their senses by and by.

The Republican candidate for county clerk, is a school teacher, and was one of the examiners to determine upon the qualification of teachers. It is not very creditable to the administration of school affairs that one was selected for this purpose who cannot make out the simplest bill of account, but it is less creditable to the Republican party that it selects such a one the same time is 1,306,655.—N. Y. Sum. for such an office as that of county clerk.

The workingmen of this city have brought out a full county ticket and have begun a very active campaign. Their meetings are large and very enthusiastic. They are taking with them a very large part of the colored vote which has heretofore been republican. The result in this county is, therefore, very doubtful. There can be but little choice between the two old tickets.

No reputable man can vote for the Republican candidate for sheriff in this county. If Prohibition Republicans are true to principle he will be overwhelmingly snowed under.

The Republican candidate for county clerk in this county is the only one on the ticket who can be considered half a prohibitionist and no one expects him to be elected. He wasn't nominated for that purpose.

There are on file in the court house certain bills of account against the County of Shawnee, made by the Republican candidate for county clerk that are rare specimens. Nothing can better prove his utter unfitness for the place than these little slips of paper. A man who is to keep the county records, and assist in making up accounts, should at least know how to make out a simple bill. But Mr. Burge is one of the best men on their

A splendid county convention was held at Lincoln last Saturday, at which M. V. B. Bennett was present and addressed a vast crowd. Lincoln county has been revolutionized since last fall. The Lincoln Beacon, which supported Blaine, has become a powful advocate of the new party, and s followed by the leading men of the

the Prohibition Party doesn't amount to much, have never heard of that other fellow who told good old Noah there was going to be nothing but a

All we get in the way of prohibi- Y. Sun. tion we get from the Republican Par-But how are we to get anything this year with no prohibitionists on the county ticket, and some of the candidates regular drunkards? But we are not apt in replying to conundrums.

The name of the editor of the Ottawa Republican is Sharpe, but he is a very dull newspaper man. His paper was filled with lies in regard to the late Prohibition Convention at Ottawa, that have already begun to re-act. It is not the first time that persons claiming to be sharp prove to be uncommonly stupid.

The Capital was afraid to announce that the Hon. Chas. H. Branscombe had been in this city, and had addressed a Third Party Prohibition meeting at the court house. Mr. Branscombe supported Blaine last year, and as he has been a leading republican in Kansas from the day he traversed its wild prairies seeking a site for the city of Lawrence thirtyone years ago, until last winter, the Capitol does not want it known that he has left the old party.

Last year when the Republicans nominated an Anti-Prohibitionist for state Senator in this county, the Prohibition Republicans would not submit, but turned out and nominated another man. This year they have another man. This year they have nominated Fuller for Sheriff, who is a confirmed drinker, and far more unfit for Sheriff than Dr. Sheldon was for Senator. But since last year there has been another let-down, and the fiat has gone forth, endorsed by the State Temperance Union, that the question of Prohibition is, in no shape, to come up hereafter in state or county politics, and it remains to be seen whether there is independence enough left to bolt the present ticket. We predict it will be bolted on election day if not before.

#### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The site of the city of Boston was sold in 1635 by John Blackstone for thirty pounds.—Boston Globe.

—Mexico is making rapid advances in industr al pursuits. She has eighty-seven mills which run 247,894 spindles and 8,745 power looms.

dollars from pleuro-pneumonia, intro-duced by a single cow that was sup-posed to have recovered.

—Mr. Robert Bonner puts the probable limit of trotting speed at 2:05. He thinks Maud S. may trot between 2:07 and 2:08.-N. Y. Post.

-Some genius proposes to bring out a steam roller-skate. It is difficult to see what roller-skates want of steam. They get ahead of the wearer as it is .-Boston Transcript.

-Joe Blossom, a Florida colored left his boot heel in an alligator's mouth the other day, and he says a

reptile which can't calculate closer than than that ought to go hungry for —According to some scientists the genuine man lived about three million years ago, and the present generation is composed of a lot of leavings and

peelings not worthy of mention in a irst reader.—Detroit Free Press. —A country place should charm as much by its beauty as by its fruitfulness; should be the abode of intelligence, comfort, and hospitality, as well as of plenty. The glory and pride of an Englishman is in his country home. - Nashville American.

—Colonel J. Armoy Knox, of *Texas* Siftings, lectured in New York in behalf of the Bartholdi pedestal fund. hair or the Bartholdi pedestal rund. Among other bright remarks he said: "The English have something which passes current for humor and which is not, I assure you, to be laughed at." —A clock company at Thomaston, Conn., after making up thirty thou-sand dollars worth of stock, began putting the movements together only to discover that all of them turned their hands or pointers backwards and were, therefore, worthless .- Hartford

-Two Italians recently arraigned in a Brooklyn court gave their names respectively as Michael Bricks and Joe Kelly. It afterward appeared that they thus expected to excite the sympathy of the Judge, who was an Irishman Their ruse, however, was not success ful.—Brooklyn Eagle.

-A Norristown young man, a patron —A Norristown young man, a patron of the rink, sent to Boston for a copy of a "Roller Guide," advertised by a man in that city. He was considerably disgusted when he received the book and found it was a treatise on printers' rollers and roller composition, and not a guide to fancy roller skating.—Norristown Herald.

-In the Alienist and Neurologist. —In the Alienst and Neurologist,
Dr. Hughes says that cancer is probably as amenable to treatment as any
other diathetic condition, \* \* \* but
the hope of conquering it lies in recognizing fts neuropathic relations and in
early and persistent, vigorous and confident efforts to inverse them. The fident, efforts to improve them. The law of resistance to cancerous invasion is in the conservation of energy.

-In a Boston court Judge Allen ad-Perhaps those fellows who think he Prohibition Party doesn't amount of much, have never heard of that other fellow who told good old Noah the clergyman married them. He said that the laws of marriage should be stringent and well enforced if we would check the fearful tide of divorces.-N.

-Under Mexican law a creditor can The prisoner when the debt falls due. is chained to a post five days, guarded by an officer. At the end of the time, if the money is not forthcoming, the man's labor is sold to the Government for forty cents a day for as many days as will be necessary to discharge the obligation. The miserable debtor is sent to the silver mines, where he is chained to a gang of felons and com-pelled to work underground. He sleeps underground and never sees daylight again until he is restored to freedom.

-At a recent sale in London an historical taper sold for thirty dollars. It was declared to be the identical one carried in penance by Henry II. to the shrine of Thomas a Becket, in Canter-bury Cathedral. It was found in the year 1773 in the shrine, and by some means was obtained by Dr. Menish, of Chelmsford, in whose museum it remained for many years, until it passed into the hands of the late owner. Whether it be the identical taper may be a question, but it is remarkable that it should bear the arms of England em-

bossed upon it.—Chicago Herald. -A gentleman writes to the Washington Star: "Mr. Francis S. Key, the author of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' wrote two additional verses to Burn's 'John Anderson, my Jo, John, and not remembering having seen them published, I send them to you. Mr. Key wrote in 1842 that there ought to be

another verse: "John Anderson, my Jo, John,
One day we'll waken there,
Where a brighter morn than ever shone
Our opened eyes shall cheer,
And in fresh youth and beauty
To that blessed land we'll go,
Where we'll live and loye forever,
John Anderson, my Jo."

-Governor Warren, of Wyoming, than men the character of the candidates, and both political parties have found themselves obliged to nominate their best men in order to obtain the support of the women. "As a business man, as a city, county, and Territorial officer, and now as Governor of Wyoming Territory," he adds, "I have seen much of the workings of women. oming Territory," he adds, "I have seen much of the workings of woman suffrage, but I have yet to hear of the first case of domestic discord growing out of it. Our women nearly all yote, and since, in Wyoming, as elsewhere, the majority of women are good and not bad, the result is good and not

#### FARM COTTAGES.

Farmers Should Provide Pleass Homes for Their Hired Help.

The custom of boarding and lodgng farm laborers in the houses of their employers has always been gen eral in this country, and in the West it is probable that it will long continue. Australia lost forty-four million Many farmers who have large estates and employ many men, at least during the summer, do not wish to spare the means to erect cottages to trouble their laborers to keep house. They wish to put all the money they can obtain into stock or farm improvements that will vield an income. They think there is economy in converting the family resieconomy in converting the family residence into a boarding house for the men they employ in the fields. It is evident that they do not consult the wishes of their wives and daughters in regard to this matter. The custom of allowing the employes of merchants and mechanics to board in the houses of those for whom they work was long since abandoned. they work was long since abandoned in all towns and cities, and it is clearly time that wealthy farmers follow the example of other employers. The lot of a woman who has to do the cooking for a dozen field hands in addition to doing the work for her own family is not to be envied, though her husband is the owner of several sections of improved land.

Farm laborers would be more contented, happy and useful to their employers if they were allowed to live in cottages erected on the estates upon which they work. Men who have families could live with them, while the single men could board with their prother laborers who keep house. They brother laborers who keep house. They would find congenial society of their own, and have much better means of enjoyment than in the houses of their mployers, as it would save much labor and insure privacy. The plan of allowing farm hands to live in cottages by hemselves is common in England, and rives excellent satisfaction to all parties. Quite recently great improvements have been made in the construction of farm cottages, and good results have been reported from them. A correspondent of a London paper recently visited the estate of Lord Tollemache, aggregating 32,433 acres, and located chiefly in the County of Cheshire. He states that he found no marked discontent among the tenants and laborers, and attributed the pleasant condition of affairs to the cottage system, of which he gives the following interest-

ing account:
The cottages, with a few exceptions have been built near the homestead of the farm upon which the laborers work. The men are thus saved the wearisome journeys to and fro which add so greatly to the daily drudgery of most English farm hands. They are able after the day's labor is at an end to attend to their cottage affairs before dark; they are within call in cases of emergency. The farm houses are mostly characterized by picturesque gables of black and white, and the least attractive features of the stockyard are upon a uniform design kept out of sight. A similar principle is adopted with the cottages—neat, sub-stantial little brick buildings, with pig-sty and cow-house in the rear, and a small flower garden in the front. But there is a more important principle than that. To each cottager is allotted thre acres of land, sufficient for the main-tenance of a cow. One acre must be set apart for haymaking, a quarter of an acre goes for tillage, and the remainder is for pasture. In a few cases a larger piece of grass land supplies pasturage in common for two, three, or more cottages, but as a rule each cottager has his separate allotment of three acres. The advantages of this rise and liberal provision are mani-old. The wives and children are furnished with an occupation agreeable in tself, sufficiently remunerative to pay In the quarter of an acre which must be devoted to tillage, potatoes, cabbages, turnips and a bit of grain may be produced—provender all the year round for man and beast. every week, generally by the cottager's wife, and this is regularly collected and taken to market by small dealers living upon the estate. These small enterprises in dairying, which is a steady if modest source of income. also enable the people to keep pigs. Many of the cottagers, I found, by good management and superior land, in addition to the milk-giving cow, were able to have a calf about the premises to be reared for sale as a heifer. A cottager's wife pointed out one such animal that had been in her possession for a couple of years, and that was now worth eighteen pounds. Nothing here has to be paid for labor. so that the system is really one of all profit for the cottager. To sum up the position, these fortunate Cheshire agricultural laborers, for a rental of ten pounds or eleven pounds a year have a good cottage, ample pasturage for a cow, necessary outhouses, milk, and vegetables in abundance for the family, the wife, and liberty to take their own labor to another farm (still retaining the cottage) if the tenant to whom he is formally attached, can not pay the cur-rent rate of wages. I use the phrase "formally attached," because it is understood that the cottager's services, if required, must be given to the farmer near whose house the cottages have been built. Under this happy condi-tion of affairs it need searcely be said that these Cheshire estates contribute very little to the inconvenient tide of rural emigration which is ever setting toward the big towns. Occasionally a man—I talked with one or two man—I talked with one or two—tempted by what he hears of high wages, forsakes the soil and tries town life, with the result generally of learning before long how great was the boon which he wilfully cast away. So he comes back again at the first opportunity, and it is a happy day for him when he can escape from the disappointing hurly-burly, and find himself once more with his cottage, his garden, his pasture, his cow, and his pigs.—Chicago Times.

The inventor of barbs on fence wire receives a royalty of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year.—N. Y. Sun.

GEN. MORGAN'S DEATH.

The Story that has Never Been Told. The following is clipped from reeneville (Tenn.) letter to the Nash-

"Another historic spot is the place where "Another historic spot is the place where Morgan, the gallant Confederate leader, fell on the night of Sept. 4, 1864. It was on the line fronting the elegant residence of Mr. W. D. Williams, who is still a respected and honored citizen of Greeneville. Your crespondent asked him the other day to give the particulars of Morgan's death. He replied, with a smile: "Come around some of these days when both of us are idle and 1 will put in a couple of days telling it.' He further states that the true facts have never been published, and perhaps they never will be."

While in Greeneville last week. court room too closely to attend to outside matters, I essayed a compact and concise reference to the killing of Gen. John H. Morgan, and afterward met Major. W. D. Williams, who assured me that the "true facts had never been published and perhaps never would be." I thereupon besought the gallant ex-Confederate (as an eye-witness of nuggets—to correct whatever of error I had been misled into publishing—and, as the Court House bell was then summoning to the Johnson trial, to please boil it down and let the world have at last an absolutely true story of the important event.
"I can do it," kindly the Major be-

gan, "for the true facts have never been published, and perhaps never will be. I was a Confederate soldier myself, and had returned to Greeneville just about the time Gen. Morgan came in. It was a very reckless thing in Morgan, and I begged him to bivouse in his camp over the hill yonder, but no, he would stay. I had seen him two or three days before, had overtaken him in fact at Jonesborough—no—it wasn't Jonesborough; it was Bristol. Perhaps between Bristol and Abingdon, Va. was in Virginia. Now, to go back to

'irginia.''
"If you please, Major," I put in impatiently, for the court was session; "if you please, let us rather come on to Greeneville at a single bound and get exactly how and where Gen. Morgan was killed, without any of the trimming."

of the trimming."

"All right, certainly. That's what I'm coming to. Well, I was riding along the road with an old contrade some distance beyond Bristol, and now, what's his name? Oh, yes; Simmons, poor John Simmons. Died in 1874 of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Left a daughter—beautiful girl—who married. Handshell Bright's procher ried a Hardshell Baptist preacher, whose sermon on the subject of justification by faith I-'

"Excuse me, Major; let's get on with the Morgan part of the story, or I'll be compelled to leave you in the very midst of it."

"Well, now, don't be so fidgety! That's just the reason the true have never been published, and per-haps never will be. You newspaper men all run off before I can get to 'em. But, however, as I was saying, Simmons's daughter, who married the Baptist preacher, was down in South Carolina at the time; her husband had taken her there to get her out o' the way o' the Yankees. Regular rebel, she was; kin to old Patrick Henry, who

once told her grandfather—"
"But for Heaven's sake, let's don't go back beyond the Revolution. Ex-

cuse me, my dear Sir, but—"
"All right," interposed the Major,
"all right. I'm coming to it! But
that was a horrible death Patrick Henv's uncle (who was one of Simmons's daughter's ancestors) died of—it was hydrophobia. I guess it'll make my story somewhat shorter to tell it as I go long. When George Washington was surveying over in Fauquier County, about 10 years before the Revolu-tionary war broke out, he saw a mad dog break loose in Capt. Gilhooly's back yard, and run into the town and bite a cow, a horse, a goat, a dog, an two other gentlemen before—"
"Before thunder," I impolitely ejacu

"Voorhees will be done speak lated. ing before you get as far as Jonesporough with your Morgan story. I'm

anxious to get it if—"
"Very well," continued my friend, 'very well. It's an important event, as you say, and the true facts in the case have never been published, and perhaps never will be. But I've got em—got 'em right at my finger tips—got 'em right in my brain—got 'em—''
"Good-bye, Major! I believe you! I believe you've 'got 'em,' but I can't wait on you any longer, this time. With your kind permission I'll call on you some day before I leave Greeneville some day, for instance, when you have time to go into the details of Gen. Mor-gan's assassination. There's a sight more of it than I thought there was begin to see now why the world has been in outer darkness on the subject for so many weary years. You are the only man in the United States that knows all about it, and you know so much that it takes a couple of days to tell it. I see now very clearly why the true facts have never been published and perhaps never will be. Good aft-

"The same to you," politely rejoined the historian. "Don't forget to call,"

The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette tells this story of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Whittemore: One Sunday Messrs. Ruggles and Lucas, his sonsin-law, attended his church. Dr. Whittemore never used notes, and on this occasion was very diffuse. When the sermon was about half through Ruggles pulled out his watch. Whittemore saw him and at once stopped.
Looking over the pulpit he said:
"Young man, you can put that watch
back, for you can not by looking at it
shorten my sermon one minute." One can imagine the sensation in the audience and the feeling of Ruggles and Lucas. Suffice it to say that they never afterward attended church when they knew their reverend father-in-law was to hold forth.

The moss crop of Florida is said to be worth more than the cotton crop, and it can be placed on the market at less expense. The demand exceeds the less expense. The demand exceeds the supply, and there is not a county in the state in which the product is not going to waste

#### Hunting Eider Down.

Now that the spring season has be-gun, writes a Reykjavik, Iceland, cor-espondent to the New York Sun, there are evidences around that the eider down, harvest is at hand. The men who get the down leave home early in the morning and visit the places to which the eider duck resorts, and each man hunts for the nests. The nests are built in the clefts of the rock, sometimes near the sea, and slippery from the spray; and sometimes very high up, where a false step would be death to the unfortunate man falling

down on the jagged rocks below.

The down is plucked from the breasts of the duck by the bird itself, and is used to line the nests for the comfort of the young ones. The hunter robs the bird of all the lining it has provided for the nest, putting it in a box that he carries along for the purong that he carries along for the pur-, and then goes on and repeats the performance at some other nest. Everything must be done very quietly, for a loud noise frightens the birds and if frightened away once they will not build there again. There is a law not build there again. There is a law enforced that forbids the discharge of firearms within hearing of the breeding places, and a stranger would probably e mobbed if he disobeyed it.

Two crops of down are gathered. The first crop is the best, for the duck uses an abundance of her choicest down in making the lining of her first nest. A short time after the first is gathered the hunters go over the same ground again and rob the nests of their second lining, which consists of all the down the poor duck could rob herself of for her young. This proceeding seems to call out the last energies of the birds, for they then make a new nest, and the drake lines it with his breast feathers. In this nest the young are hatched. The hunters seldom disturb it, for the probabilities are that the pair would go away and never re-

After the down has been gathered, it is taken into a large room in the farmer's house, and each nest, for the ining retains the shape of a nest, is placed on top of a primitive arrange-ment that looks like a harp laid flat, with strings of rubber running across it. The nest is then rubbed over the strings, and the lichen, moss, sticks, chips, and other parts of the frame work of the nest that are mixed with the down fall through to the floor, while the down remains in the operator's hands. The down is then packed and brought to market, and from here shipped to all parts of the world. The color of the down is a surprise to many, for instead of being white, as some people imagine, it is a blue-slate color, glossy and very pretty. An im-mense amount of it can be crushed in-

The down taken from dead birds is not as good as that from the nests. It is not so light or so much like floss silk to the touch. Iceland furnishes about seven thousand pounds of the down every year that is of a superior

to a handful, but it will resume its

## A Word to Stage Struck Girls.

"Betsey B.," a lady whose literary alent is second to that of but few in America, and who is universally recog-nized as the brightest dramatic writer west of the Rocky Mountains, is not only a critic but a motherly adviser. "Betsey B.," otherwise Mrs. Joseph Austin, has, since the San Francisco Argonaut was started ten years ago, been the kindly but dreaded critic of the paper. The goodness of her nature has at last been recognized in the prohas at last been recognized in the pro-fession in conjunction with the gall of her pen, and "Betsey B.," is now well understood. Recently some stage struck girls in New York wrote to Bet-sey asking, as she puts it: "The advice which no one ever takes." and she which no one ever takes," and, she says, "urgently or rather defiantly requesting me to put over my own pen-name what I consider the necessary qualifications for a young girl about to go upon the stage. I make answer: A strong physique; an unimpaired diges-tion; a slender figure; a marked face; strong features; a carrying voice; a lack of real feeling; and abundance of pre-tended feeling; much magnetism; great fascination of manner; purity of speech; elocution to a degree; a general knowledge of history; a good general education; a general knowledge of costuming; a practical knowledge of the effects of distance; considerable business faculty; unflagging industry; undaunted ambition; an utter lack of sensitiveness; a capacity for taking pains; an absolute and indisputed devotion to the theatre; an unwedded life; an ability to distinguish criticism from abuse or fulsome gush; a readiness to profit thereby; some genius at adver-tising; a quickness at seizing opportuni-ties; an adeptness of making yourself necessary; a well-defined specialty; a good memory; quick study; good luck; talent."

## Mr. Duke's Explanation.

It was at a big August meeting in Wake Co., N. C., and there were acres of darkeys present. The "Crossing of the Red Sea" was the subject of discourse, and the Rev. Mr. Dukes, a 'mancipated minister, was treating it in the most frigid manner. He had just closed by saying, "Moses and the chil'un of Israel crossed over the Red Sea on the ice, but when Faro and his lumberin' big chariots come 'long' dey broke frue the ice and dey was all drownded," when a young man from town arose and said

"Brer Dukes, will you 'low me to ax you a question?"

"Sartinly; what is it?"
"Well, Brer Dukes, I's bin studdin" geografy, an' geografy teeches me dat de Red Sea am in de tropicks, an' dat dere ain't no ice in de tropicks. What I want to ax is dis: Whar dat ice cum from whar Moses crossed ober on?"

Brer Dukes cleared his throat, mopped his brow, hesitated a moment

"Well, I's glad you ax dat question. It gives me an opportunity to 'splain.
My dear young brer, you mus'n't think
'cause you war' store close and bin to
skool dat you know everything. Dis
thing I'm preachin 'bout took place
long time ago, 'fore dere was any geografys an' 'fore dere was any tropics.'

— Detroit Free Press.

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BALLOU'S MAGAZINE September has an illustrated article on the Crimea and the mysterious movements of Russia on the Black Sea, at the present' after years of quietness. It si worth reading. There is also an account of a lively earthquake at Monterey, and some wild scenes that follow it. There are stories and poems of great merit and some rare wit and humon It is a good number only \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents single copies. Address Thomes & Talbot, copies. Address Indiad 28 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

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GLOVES AND GLOVE FITTING.

Meaning of the Manufacturers' Private Marks-Good Glove Fiters in Demand.

"Why are gloves stamped with various alphabetical letters?" inquired gentleman the other day as he was being fitted to a pair of gloves. "I observe," he continued, "that there appears to be no regular system in this lettering. Sometimes I notice one letter; sometimes two or three on the inat may appear on the thumb, the back of the glove, on the wrist, or up in the fingers. What is the significance of those cabalistic signs?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the intelligent glove-fitter.

"Those letters" and other letter.

telligent glove-fitter.
"Those letters," said a young lady, one of the few persons in America, out side of the agents, who understands the glove business, when the question was asked her. "are either the acturer's private mark, which is put on all his skins as soon as brought into the factory, or one of the marks which he uses in his establishment to show the grade of the different qualities of Sometimes the buyer for some one manufacturer secures an over-supply of skins. When they are delivered at his factory they are all branded with his private mark. But, as he can not use all, part are disposed of to other makers, who, in turn, put on them their marks as well as those grading the skin. Consequently a pair of gloves frequently have two or three

"There is no branch of the drygoods business in which there is more, almost said as much, ignorance among buyers and sales-people respect-ing their goods as in the glove trade," she continued. "I learned all I know of the glove business right here in Chicago in a State street store, and am now employed by an Eastern house at a good salary. I hear considerable talk about the 'under-paid shop-girl.' That may all be very good, but I'll tell you one little fact: A good glove-fitter, you one little fact: A good glove-litter, one who knows something of her business, can always get a position, and at least a fair, living salary. The trouble is girls will not take the trouble to learn the glove business. It is too hard work—too much like a trade. They think because they stand behind the counter and put on such glove estands. the counter and put on such gloves as a lady selects that they should receive a fine salary, whether they are able to tell a kid from a lamb-skin or not And I tell you there are precious few saleswomen behind the glove counters who can tell whether a glove is a genuine French kid skin or not. A woman who is conversant with her trade, for it is a trade, ought to be able to tell at a glance the size and style of glove a hand requires. There is a continual call for first class glove fitters, and no one to fill the demand. It requires time and work to learn the trade see. Most girls want to get good pay as soon as they begin to work, without waiting to learn how to make their services valuable. I am told there are many girls and women out of work, waiting for and seeking positions. Well, I know that I have been trying my best for the last three weeks to get a first class glove fitter, and have not

"Is it true that better gloves for less money are to be found in the Canadian market than here?"

"I think not. I have bought gloves in Montreal, for which I paid just as high a price as I would for the same grade here. About the same grade of gloves are sold all over. There are times when sales of lamb-skin gloves are made here for fifty cents a pair.
But a good glove will command its
price. Five large importers in New
York supply the American trade. The identical same glove is sold by every first class dry goods house in America, but usually each large establishment puts on its private mark, gives the glove some peculiar name, and brands it as some peculial importation, or our own special make, when the very same glove from the self-same factory, imported by the same jobber, is being sold next door under a different guise. There are no secrets about glove making or the marks on gloves, any more than there is in the manufacture of cotton cloths and the lithographed pic-

The Advantages of Twinship in a Courtship Campaign.

A young man who was courting a girl who had a twin sister was terribly 1 am learning?" Fond father (perimposed upon. She went out of town three weeks, and employed her sister as a substitute in the sitting-up-atnight business during her absence. The young man called five times a week, as usual, and didn't leave until after midnight, without detecting the imposi-tion. When he heard of the trick that had been imposed upon him he got mad and broke off the engagement. The twins looked as much alike as two capital P's, and he said that he might be fooled into marrying the one that he didn't love. It was certainly a narrow escape, though, come to think about it, we can't see what difference it would have made as long as ignor-ance was bliss and the twins didn't obance was bliss and the twins didn't object. Having young lady twins in the house is rather a neat arrangement. When a young man is so infatuated that he calls seven nights a week they can take turns sitting up with him, and thus look fresh and wide-awake alternately, anyway. No sensible young man should object to such an admirable health-preserving scheme.

—Drake's Magazine.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

-Miss Ann M. Sanders, of Custer County, Neb., recently received her commission as Notary Public—the first lady ever appointed in the State.—Chicago Times.

-Charles O'Conor enunciated the principle that "a reporter should get all the news he can and give it to the world, but a lawyer should get all the news he can and keep it to himself."-

—Henry W. Williams, President of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is

to Ireland. The honorary degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon the Princess of Wales by the Duke of Abercorn, as Chancellor of the Royal University.

—A little Indian girl named Lucy-Afraid-of-the-Soldiers is attending the Government Indian School at Hampton, Va. When Lucy grows up she will probably not be so "afraid of the soldiers" as her name would imply.— Chicago Journal.

-Alphonse Daudet, the famous French dramatist, journalist and poet, s forty-five years old. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, the eminent English com-poser, guilty of "Pinafore" and other comic operas, is just two years younger than Daudet, having been born May 13, 1842.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

-Clara Morris is a Canadian. She was born in Montreal thirty-five years was born in Montreal thirty-nve years ago. Having lost her father, she became a ballet-girl in the Cleveland Academy of Music in that city at fifteen, to support her mother. She rose so rapidly in her profession that at nineteen she was leading lady in one of the Cincinnati theaters. The year following she was engaged at Daly's. N. Y. Tribune.

-Edwin E. Curtis, of Meriden Conn., left forty thousand dol-lars to St. Andrew's Episcopal Church of that town, "provided the church building shall never be moved further to the west." One of the papers left by Mr. Curtis shows a contract with a Meriden doctor for a regular daily call at one dollar per day, whether he was sick or well. This contract covers the last four years of his life.

Hartford Post. —Dr. John J. Moran attended Edgar Allen Poe in his dying moments. He now writes that the habit of intemperance did, to some extent. cloud the poet's early life, but not his later years. Poe's constitution was such that he could not become a dram drinker, and for four years previous to his death he was perfectly temperate. His death was caused by ill treatment and ex-posure suffered from a party of Balti-more roughs, who caught him, cooped him up, drugged him and voted him during an exciting election. In at-tending him during his last illness Dr. Moran says that his patient gave no signs of a debauch. He refused a glass of spirits the day before he died.—Baltimore American

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-It takes the French to appreciate Shakespeare. The passage, "Frailty; thy name is woman," is translated, "Mlle. Frailty is the name of the lady."

—The hurling of an egg in the direc-tion of his royal Highness in Cork was plainly an attempt by the Irish to throw off the yolk.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

-Father (with a frown): "Now, Johnny, you're really the worst boy in town; you really are. What shall I do with this cane?" (Johnny dodging): "Go a-walking with it, sir; it's a walk-ing stiel." ing stick."

there is a woeful degree of ignorance in regard to the matter."—Chicago News.

Times is mentioned for a Consulsnip. For a man who likes to stay at home, writing humorous matter is dangerous business. His friends are almost sure to get him a Consulship in some distant clime.—Philadelphia Call.

1 am learning?" Fond 1200 (recovering) "It means, my son, the same as 'Fol-de-rol-lol in the other song you have already learned."-Golden Days.

-Paragraphs are floating about the effect that diseases are frequently communicated by kissing. We supcommunicated by kissing. We supposed every one knew that the most dangerous and swift of all diseases was communicated in that way—heart disease. - Norristown Herald.

—The proprietor of a menagerie re-lates that one of his lions once had a lates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French Major in Algeria. The lion afterwards ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and out of gratitude devoured both the Colonel and the Lieutenant-Colonel, whose places were then filled by the good Major.—Exchange,

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs. Johnson. I am an old acquaintance of youn husband."
"Indeed!"
"Yes, long years ago, twenty years ago, before he knew you. I was his first love. We were indeed betrothed."

When a young man is so infatuated that he calls seven nights a week they can take turns sitting up with him, and thus look fresh and wide-awake alternately, anyway. No sensible young man should object to such an admirable health-preserving scheme.

—Drake's Magazine.

—Could our grandmothers but see the gilded roses and golden rosebuds which adorn the fashionable headgear they would, indeed, think things had changed. In their time gold, tinsel and spangles were considered sacred to the stage, and it was thought the very acme of bad taste to wear such things in broad daylight. Nowadays spangles appear on street dresses, glitter on the aigrettes with which bonnets are trimmed, and as for tinsel, only a very small proportion of summer bonnets are without it.—Brooklya Eagle.

Why send places were then fined by the good Major.—Exchange.

—"These are the times spoken of in the Scriptures, Ichabod," said Hannah Smiley, solemnly, as she picked up the Striches she had dropped. "Wars and rumors of wars, and—" "Same old times, Hannah," replied Ichabod, cheerily. "It's always been so, ever since I was a boy. I don't see anything new in the situation." "Well, you're as blind as an old bat, Ichabod Smiley. Why, England's got the Soudan, and Russia at Penjdeh, and Riel in the Northwest, and—" "Yes, of course, I know all that, but that doesn't signify. Riel may Winnipeg or two, the Mahdi may Souakim one, and the Russians may ravel the fringe out of the Afghan —" Just then the old lady came in with a wet cloth and bathed Ichabod's head, or there is no knowing where he would have brought up.—Hartford

HIS FOOTSTEPS.

Wearly Waited for, Ardently Longed for

Step! step! step!

It was his footsteps-her lovers's The echo might have been lost to you or I in the rumble of traffic, but to her -never. To you or me all footsteps might have sounded alike. To he there was as much difference as in the sound of human voices. And she waited and listened, and the footsteps came and went, and the months passed Step! step! step!

It was his footsteps-her husband's The echo became a part of her daily existence. To listen for it became one of the objects of her life. When the eche caught her ear a smile flitted across her face, her eyes grew brighter, and a wifely kiss was on her lips. And she waited and listened, and the footsteps came and went, and the years passed

away. Step! St—! But the footsteps had ceased, and the But the footsteps had ceased, and the echoes had died away forever. They bore him away to sleep with the numberless dead, and she was a widow from whom the sunshine had gone forever. She wept and grieved and-

Step! step! step!

How her heart throbbed for an instant! So much like his, and yet she knew that he slept beneath the willow. Not once, but a dozen times a day she felt her heart stop its beating as the echo of a footstep caught her ear. And she waited and listened, and the echoes came and went, and she whispered to

herself:
"Some day I shall again hear his footfalls and know that he has come." footfalls and know that he has come."

The years went by, and a gray-haired woman looked out upon the setting sun and knew that it was her last night on earth. Friends wept at her bedside—she had no tears. They spoke to her in tearful tones—she made no answer. She seemed waiting and listening, and of a sudden, as the first shadows of twilight began stealing into her room, she light began stealing into her room, she

"Hark! I hear it!"

Step! step! step!
"It is his footstep—I feel the echo in my heart! He has come back to memy husband!"

All listened as they kept their eyes fixed upon the dying woman's face. Step! step! The echo brought the old, wifely smile to her face. Step! step! Her face grew radiant at the thought of the meeting. Step! step! step! The echo gave her strength to rise up and stretch forth her arms as if to class some one, and as she sank slowly back they heard her whisper:

"I knew his footsteps—he has com-

But it was that he might guide her afely through the valley of the shadow. -Detroit Free Press.

#### "WORTH WHILE."

Whatever Is Worth Doing at All, Is Worth Doing Well.

Prince Albert Victor, the prospective heir to the throne of England, made his maiden speech the other day to an assembly of lads of his own age. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing accurately," he said; "whether you sharpen your pencil or black your boots, do it thoroughly and well."

A young lad who was a pupil at Rugby school was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teachers ra-monstrated, he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do. It is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years we given eyes?" Dull boy, at the foot of the class: "To shut 'em when we go to sleep."

—Doctors say drinking too much coffee makes bald heads. Telling the female head of the house that her coffee is "nothing but slops" will also do it.—Chicago Tribune.

A few years ago the keeper of a life-saving station on the Atlantic coast found that his supply of powder had given out. The nearest village was two or three miles distant, and the weather was inclement. He concluded that as it "was not worth while to go so far ex-pressly for such a trifle," he would wait for a few days before sending for a sup-ply. That night a vessel was wrecked within sight of the station. A line could have been given to the crew if he had been able to use the mortar, but he had no powder. He saw the drowning men perish one by one in sight, knowing that he alone was to blame. A few days afterward he was dismissed from the

The experience of every man will suggest similar instances that confirm the truth of the young Prince's advice to the lads of his own age.

Whatever is right to do should be

done with our best care, strength and faithfulness of purpose. We have no scales by which we can weigh our duties or determine their relative importance in God's eyes. That which seems a trifle to us may be the secret spring which shall move the issues of life and death .- Youth's Companion.

#### Creating a Coolness. "I am so glad to know you, Mrs.

"Yes, my dear," put in Mr. John-

son. "Yes, that was very long ago."
"But you have not forgotten it, John, have you?"
"No, no; but—"
"Do you remember our parting? O,

"Yes, it was; but—"
"We can talk about it now, for your
wife must know me as a friend of hers
as well. See this, Mrs. Johnson. Let me give you this. It was the ring John, your husband, pressed upon my finger when his heart was free, when we plighted our troth. I give it to you be "Why, John! I declare. If it isn't

the ring you said you lost; the ring I gave you when I was engaged to you in 1865." There's a coolness among the three now.—Merchant Traveler.

FUUL CELLAR GASES. Methods That May Be Relied Upon to

Ordinarily, those who are intelligent and thoughtful will have looked after the cellar, removing decayed vegetables and the like, early in the season. Indeed, most of this class will wish to ventilate the cellar often during the winter, that the gas which flows down from the sleeping apartments, etc., may be removed about as fast as it accumu-

It should be remembered that breathing and combustion, as well as fermen-tation, putrefaction and decay, evolve this deadly gas, which is heavier than the atmosphere, flowing like water, into the lower rooms and cellar, there to be disposed of in the best possible way, or it will prove a source of harm to the family. At this season of the year, family. At this season of the year, when the usual warm weather materially hastens decomposition and putre-faction, these gases are rapidly emitted, and in their most deadly forms directly producing croup, diphtheria, fevers, malaria, and later in the season, aided by green fruits and vegetables, it may be, the dreaded cholera. As strange as it may seem, in Massachusetts, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, cellars may be still found that have received no special attention up to this time, cellars which have not been cleaned, it may be for years! We should not be surprised to learn that there are cases of sickness most of the time, not as the result of a mysterious dispensation of "Divine Providence," but of a want of decent cleanliness. 'next to godliness.' If we attempt to make a trip to such of reconnoissance we shall find it needful to take a light, for there is not a single window—darkness and filth prevailing. The head may scarcely reach the upper stratum of the so-called air of this place, where the most of the family A little farther on we are reminded of the odor of very stale eggs, and we feel ure that sulphureted hydrogen gas has, in some way, found its way here, while the dimness of the light of the lamp indicates the presence of no small amount of carbonic acid gas! Where shall we find the sources of these deadly gases? On our right a part of a barrel of decayed apples may be found, left in the early part of the winter, when the best ones were used in cooking, while on the left is a quantity of potatoes, in a similar plight, a heap of decaying cabbages, turnips, beets, etc., saturated with filth. In other parts are pieces of mouldy bread and cake overlooked months since—bones and pieces of stale meats, taken out of the pork barrel last fall, the remains of a few rats, poisoned soon after they came in the cellar in the fall, all in the active process of decay and putrefaction, filling the cellar with the seeds of disease and death! here in this pest-vault, this poison crowded, filthy place, the family milk and cream are kept, the bread, cake, cooked meats, puddings, even the more liquid foods, those more easily absorb-ing these foul gases, the family literally living (sickening and dying) on filthy and poisonous foods, wondering per-haps why they should be so fearfully cursed by a bad climate and fickle

What shall be done? Prepare a place for at least two windows, and open the doors on the first windy day, allowing the pure air to rush through for two days, when it may be safe for the men to commence a general renovation, with hoes, shovels, rakes, removing everything, that the light of the sun may scatter the foul gases, every box, barrel and dish to be thoroughly aired. The scrapings from the bottom will make excellent fertilizing garden ma-terials, while the older and more filthy boxes, etc., may be burned. Then the whitewashed twice, the beautiful alabastine serving a similar purpose in the upper part of the house. The bucket of whitewash serving a good purpose, occasionally changed, kept in the cellar tall times as means of keaning it. at all times, as a means of keeping it pure, absorbing these gases. Pure and free air, by the great law of diffusion, serving to attenuate and dilute foul gases, robbing them of their potency, the light of the sun, and whitewash or slacked lime in the cellar are the more valuable and cheap means of securing purity on favorable terms.—Golden

# PERSIAN POETRY.

Its Characteristics Pointed Out and Their

Persian poetry had its birth in a country conspicuous for natural advantages; a country distinguished for the mildness of its climate, the clearness of its streams and the perpetual verdure of its plains; a country of lofty mountains, inland seas and rolling rivers; the land of the gazelle, the camel and the caravan; a land abounding in fruits and flowers, full of pleasant gardens and enlivened with the songs of innumerable birds; a land where millions of butterflies of the richest colors were wafted through the summer air. In this land of the olive, the date, the pomegranate and the fig, where the palms of the South met the pines of the North, was reared a race pines of the North, was reared a race of men combining in a rare degree in genuity, vivacity, intellectual force, subtlety and refinement of manners. The Persians early acquired repute as a people of taste, invention and artistic skill. The finest silks, the richest velvets, the costliest brocades, the softest and rarest carpets and the most splendid tissues were of Persian origin. The art newly discovered in America and Europe, how to combine great variety art newly discovered in America and Europe, how to combine great variety of colors with perfect harmony, and to delight the eye with soft and pleasing gradations, producing a rich composite effect from the simplest elements, was original with the Persians centuries ago. The very figures of floor cloth on which the Shah Mahmoud walked in the tenth century, the shawl patterns that adorned the heroines of Jamind of Hafiz are imitated in the looms of England and the heroines of Jamind of Hafiz are imitated in the looms of England and the United States to-day. In architecture and the fine arts, as in decorative art, the Persians of the middle ages achieved a notable success. Their chief cities showed spendid palaces, filled with gems of art and sparkling with jewels, and stately mosques with white or azure domes.—North American Raviess

#### TELEGRAPHERS' PARALYSIS

A New York Operator's Theory of the Cau of the Disease. A majority of telegraph operators

sooner or later become "paralyzedi" There seems to be no specific cause for the complaint, though it is generally attributed to overwork. It certainly can not be due to dissipation alone, as there are hundreds of cases where men who have been hard drinkers for many years still rank as experts in the proession, while on the other hand men who have led a strictly moral and temperate life have lost entire use of their arms after a comparatively short experience in the business. Nor does disease-nervous or otherwise-seem to be the prime factor, as it is very common to see a strong, robust man suffering from it. It is a fact that many opera-tors have been troubled with it from the moment they commenced to learn, and there is no doubt that it has prevented many from becoming "first-class" operators. It has been said that paralysis is the cause of many of the blunders made by good men. To a certain extent this is surely true. It must be understood that the so-called paral-ysis from which operators suffer is really a weakness of the muscles and nerves generally from the elbow to the ends of the fingers. In its early stages ends of the fingers. In its early stages it takes the form of cramps, causing great pain in the wrist and hand, or a numbness of feeling such as one feels from bad circulation of the blood. It gradually develops until the fingers seem to lose the sense of touch, and, without warning, they will "flip up" and utterly refuse to be governed by the mind. Now, if these "flips" or paroxysms should occur very often while an operator is being "rushed." it is bound to cause him a great deal of annoyance. He will get behind, say ten or fifteen words, and food is kept, before a tingling sensation in the nasal passages and throat will convince us that there is ammonia here.

A little farther on we are reminded of until the sender is finally so far ahead the older of years talle ages, and we fool that he is compelled to open the key. In the meantime he has possibly left In the meantime he has possibly left out a word or half-spelled one, which, if he is careful, can be corrected, but the sender is impatient by the time he has "caught up," and he casts but a rapid glance over his copy and com-mences the struggle once more. Thus, through inability to form the letters and words as fast as he formerly did, he makes errors unconsciously, through getting behind, while at the same time giving the work his entire attention. The only remedy for him is to "break, break," or take some secondclass wire, with a reduction of wages and a loss of his professional reputa-tion as a "fast one." This is a hard thing to do, and many a man is to-day called "first-class" who has seen his best days as an operator.

There is another reason why firstclass men make errors. Although the words are sent letter by letter, the operator receives them apparently in their complete form only, frequently having several words in his head at one time. Through the loss of sensitiveness in his fingers he is unable to form the characters with his former ease and precision, and will very often change the word entirely by the sub-stitution or omission of a letter. For instance, "thing" will be made to read "think," "bough" for "bought," and other common errors. Of course, the misspelling of words is mostly caused through ignorance, but cases of this kind occur where the men have had long experience and are well educated. The most common reason why first-class men make errors is that they are generally overworked. After working hard for seven or eight hours, if they are partially paralyzed, their arms become heavy and tired, and no doubt the brain is also affected. Every word is put down with an effort, and it is a wonder there are not more mistake than usually occur.—Cor. Chicago

#### News. THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Conditions Likely to Make it the Great Winter Sanitarium of the United States. From my own observations, and from inquiries made on the spot, I am of opinion that the Yellowstone National Park possesses, in a high degree, all these essential conditions. In elevation above the sea it surpasses Davos; the great plateau of the park is between seven and eight thousand feet above sea-level, while it is stated that not one of the narrow valleys dips below six thousand feet. The mountain ranges, partly surrounding and partly within the park, rise to heights of from ten\_thousand to twelve thousand feet. I should anticipate, therefore, that all the advantages which, as a winter resort for invalids, Davos possesses from its elevated position, would be enjoyed even in a greater degree in the Yellowstone Park. The period of permanent snow is longer, so that in-valids could remain there probably until the end of April, whereas the melting of the snow generally com-pels them to leave Davos early in March, when the climate of the valleys is peculiarly unfavorable for chest-complaints. It is to be expected, from its greater elevation, that a still clearer sky and a larger propertion of sunny days would be experienced in the Yel-lowstone Park, while the wholesome-ness of the air would be still more

—A lady in Brunswick, Ga., found a nest of half grown mocking birds in her yard recently. She succeeded in capturing them. They were put in a temporary cage, and the cage put in a room. During the day the mother bird flew into the room and was readily caught and placed in the cage with the brood. She began instantly to feed them with the food which was in the eage, and did not seem to notice the imprisonment. On the day following the male bird flew into the room, and offered no resistance nor showed any signs of flight when the lady captured him. He was put into the same cage, and the lady now has the entire family. They seem contented and happy—Pittsburgh Post.

marked, owing to its comparatively greater freedom from zymotic matter. —Prof. Edward Frankland, in Popular

Science Monthly.

# Grace Lilburne's Secret.

A STORY OF

#### TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

CHAPTER X. LOVER'S REWARD.

Some time had elapsed before Roland Ayre could engage the services of a very celebrated doctor, who had already performed several successful operations of a kind similar to that which alone could restore Kate Lilburne's rea-

Son.

The injury which had reduced Kate
Lilburne to a condition little better
than that of idiocy was, as we know,
caused by her fall, the skull being fract-

A piece of the skull was pressing up-on the brain, and only by relieving this pressure could the organ of reason be made more capable of acting in a nat-

pressure could the organ of reason be made more capable of acting in a natural manner.

The danger was very great, and Mrs. Fairfield over and over again entreated that Mrs. Lilburne should be consulted before such a terrible risk was incurred.

But Roland's argument was that to do as the nurse wished would be to give him unnecessary anxiety and pain without doing his daughter one particle of good, while the accounts which he indirectly obtained from Silverton Castle described Mr. Lilburne as generally uncheerful and resigned, though sometimes sad and anxious at the certainty of his daughter's fate.

"Her father would not hesitate for a moment," he said confidently; "and I wish to spare him the terrible dread of failure that haunts me day and night."

As her son, was of the same opinion

night."

As her son was of the same opinion as Roland, Mrs. Fairfield was obliged to yield, though she did so unwillingly and against her judgment.

The news of Grace Lilburne's contemplated marriage with Victor Gayherd did more to reconcile the nurse to Roland's views than anything else, and even when she heard that the wedding was not to take place until after Christmas Day, her feelings on the subject underwent no change.

From this time she quite fell in with Mr. Ayre's plans, and lent him her

From this time she quite fell in with Mr. Ayre's plans, and lent him her hearty co-operation.

So the day was fixed upon when Kate Lilburne was to be restored to reason, health, and happiness, or was to depart without further delay to that land towards which we sons and daughters of mortal race are all slowly but surely traveling.

Two of the most eminent surgeons in Europe had undertaken to assist the great Sir Felix Ferris in performing the critical operation, and even their cool heads and practised hands must have felt some extra strain upon them as they began their work with the consciounces that only the thinness of paper stood between their patient and eternity.

The case was so critical that no one was allowed in the room besides the operating surgeon and his assistants. In the adjoining apartment Roland Ayre paced slowly to and fro, his hands tightly holding his head as though it would burst with feverish anxiety.

At this last moment he began to regret that he had sent for Mr. Lilburne. But it was too late now, the die was cast, and as he looked at Frank Fairfield and his mother, and saw that their anxiety was scarcely second to his own, he felt that he already had companions enough in his misery.

To the three watchers the minutes that pass are like hours before the door they watch so eagerly gently opens, and one of the surgeons with a smiling face beckons them into the room.

"We have succeeded. Her reason is already coming back to her, said Sir Felix Ferris in a low tone.

And just then Kate lifted her head, and extending her hands in terror exclaimed:

"Grace, I won't hide here; I tell you traveling.

Two of the most eminent surgeons in

"Grace, I won't hide here; I tell you I am afraid."

"Grace, I won't hide here; I tell you I am afraid."

She looked about her," but the room was strange, so were the faces until her eyes lighted upon that of her lover.

Then the first smile that had wreathed her face since that fearful night came over it, and she held out her hands to him as she asked:

"Roland, have I been dreaming? I thought it was Christmas night, and we were all playing at hide-and-seek, and Grace was persuading me to hide in the turret-chamber in the old tower, and suddenly I thought I was falling down some awful chasm, and then I woke with the fright. But where am I? I don't know this place, and who are these people?"

She asked this in a low tone, not wishing to seem rude, but Mrs. Fairfield came forward and asked:

"Don't you know me, dearie?"

"Of course I do—Nurse Fairfield, my foster-mother; but that isn't Frank?"

"It is Frank," was the reply.

But now the doctors interposed and suggested quiet and an absence of all excitement. The operation had been completely successful, but it was well not to put too great a strain upon the newly awakened intellect.

So Kate was persuaded to try to sleep for a while, having previously been assured that everything should be explained to her in good time, and Roland and Frank went away with the doctors, while Mrs. Fairfield alone remained to guard her nursling.

"The young lady should be taken to

while Mrs. Fairfield alone remained to guard her nursling.

"The young lady should be taken to some quiet place by the sea, and excitement of every kind should be carefully avoided for some time to come," said the great surgeon who had conducted the operation.

"For several months!" repeated Roland in dismay; "do you mean that several months must elapse before it will be safe for her to marry!"

be safe for her to marry?"

"Most decidedly" was the reply; "under very favorable conditions, and provided she is kept free from all trouble and anxiety in the interval, it may be safe for her to marry in December, but certainly not before, and it is now the end of July."

end of July."

So the matter was decided, though Mrs. Fairfield shook her head over the arrangement, but she did not refuse to take her foster-child down to the quiet fishing village, and remain there with her while Roland very reluctantly went for a short tour on the Continent, and on his return to England he embraced a girl who was strangely like the lost Kate Lilburne.

Strangely like her indeed. The bloom

Kate Lilburne.

Strangely like her indeed. The bloom of health had returned to her cheek; the fearless queenly dignity that had deserted her with the loss of reason, but for which she had been distinguished

before that terrible fall, had come back to her now, while she was as winning and loving as she had ever been.

No trace now remained of the terrible ordeal which she had recently passed through.

Next to her delight at meeting her lover, and the near prospect of being united to him, was the desire to be embraced by her father, and to dissipate the grief which she knew he must feel at her loss.

"I hope we have not been selfish in not sending to papa," she said anxiously, as she talked to Roland about her father. "I shall never forgive myself if our silence has injured his health."

"You need have no fear upon that bitterly; "your absence from Silverton will be celebrated this year with rejoicing rather than be mourned over with tears. A wedding party is to be assembled, the castle is to be filled with the guests, and I am among the number of those invited to the Christmas and wedding festivities."

"You!" exclaimed Kate in surprise. "Yes; and I have written to your father to say I will come on Christmas night and bring my bride with me."

"You out think he will suspect who your bride will be?" she asked with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes. "I should think so," was the answer. "for I told him when we parted that I would never enter Silverton Castle again unless I came to meet you or brought you with me."

She said no more; his devotion touched her deeply, and all her past sufferings seemed as nothing in presence of the life of perfect love that lay before her.

It was soon after this and about the middle of December that a quiet wed-

ed her deeply, and all her past sufferings seemed as nothing in presence of the life of perfect love that lay before her.

It was soon after this and about the middle of December that a quiet wedding took place in the parish church of the village where Kate Lilburne had for some months found a home.

He was a young man though his hair was white, who gave the bride away, and no one but himself knew how by this act he crushed out the last lingering hope that he had uuconsciously cherished in his heart.

But Frank Fairfield gave no outward sign of his self-conquest, and he wrote his name in the register as a witness, without a tremble in the signature.

The marriage had been conducted with all possible secrecy, but the names of the contracting parties could not be kept from the officiating clergyman or the clerk, and it was from the former, that Miriam Hindman received a hint to the effect that Mr. Lilburne's eldest daughter, whose unaccountable disappearance had caused so much consternation a year ago, was still alive.

More she could not learn, but she shrewdly suspected that Christmas would not pass by without witnessing Kate's return to her father's house.

This expectation went a great way towards inducing her to accept the invitation to be Grace Lilburne's bridesmaid, though at that time she had no intention of bringing the bridegroom as a truant lover to her own feet.

The strength of their old love, however, proved too strong for Miriam and Victor to withstand, and they were both resolving that his marriage with Grace must be prevented, when, as already narrated, the doors, were thrown open and Mr. and Mrs. Roland Ayre appeared on the threshold.

CHAPTER XI. RETRIBUTION.

Mr. Lilburne caught Kate in his arms, and expressed his delight at seeing her, then he grasped Roland's hand and bade him also welcome. "You see I have taken you at your word," said the bridegroom gaily. "Kate and I were married more than a week ago."

"Kate and I were married more than a week ago."

"A week! But where has she been all the past year?"

"That is too long a story to tell now." was the reply; "but where is Grace?"

In the general delight at welcoming back the lost heiress and the new bride, Grace had for the moment been forgotten.

ten.
But they had not far to seek for her.
There in their midst she lay like one
stricken with death, and people looked
at each other curiously as they lifted
her, for this sudden swoon looked more
like the consequence of fear than the
effect of joy.

effect of joy.
"Take her to her room, she has only fainted," said Mr. Lilburne to the ser-

vants who were called. The order was quickly obeyed, Victor somewhat carelessly giving his assistance.

sistance.

But her father and friends noticed
But her father and sympathy for her But her father and friends noticed that Kate showed no sympathy for her sister, neither did she offer in any way to help her.

This was very unlike the Kate of farmer days.

Then she had been the first to hasten to the side of the suffering and to try

to the side of the suffering and to try to assuage their pain.

But now she only looked after her sister with an expression on her face of wondering pity not unmixed with aver-sion, and she neither tried to caress nor

wondering pity not unmixed with aversion, and she neither tried to caress nor to receive her.

The curiosity of the guests, however, was not to be restrained, and so many questions poured in upon our heroine that she at length briefly told her friends that in finding a hidingplace the previous Christmas, she had fallen down a trap-door in the disused tower, and would have remained there, and perished, if her foster-brother had not rescued her.

And then Roland told the rest of the story, even down to the present day.

"There is something she has not told us," said Miriam Hindman to Victor Gayherd; "she has not told us what hand Grace had in her disappearance. Depend upon it, we have only heard half the story."

Miriam's curiosity was not satisfied, however; only Mr. Lilburne was ever told how Grace had consigned her sister to what she believed would be her tomb.

by this time a servant came to say that Miss Grace was conscious, but would not leave her room again that night, though she requested her guests would not let her absence interfere with

their amusement.

They took her at her word; the dance

They took her at her word; the dancing to commenced, and no one seemed to miss the girl who had been hostess untill now, and who to-morrow was to be a bride.

In view of the ceremony of the morrow, the party broke up soon after the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Ayre.

Those guests who were not staying in the house took their leave, and those who were went off to their own rooms.

Victor Gayherd alone lingered. 'Roland was his cousin, and he tried to find out from him the motive which had made him keep even her father in ignorance of her existence for so long a time.

"I cannot tell you why, but we had a very good reason," was the evasive reply.

"Had Grace anything to do with it?" was the next question.

"Grace did not know that her sister

Though he did not say so, he knew quite well what his cousin's decision would be.

When he joined his wife and her father in the study of the latter, Kate

When he joined his wife and her father in the study of the latter, Kate asked nervously:

"You have not said anything against Grace to Victor, have you, Roland?"

"Certainly not," was the reply; "but he is suspicious, and has been questioning me."

"I shall not allow the marriage to take place to-morrow," said Mr. Lilburne decidedly. "Grace is unfit to be the wife of any honorable man."

"I think she must have been mad that night," Kate said gently; "I have often thought so since."

"She was thoroughtly bad," returned her father gloomily; "she is only too like her mother."

Soon after this they retired to rest, Mr. Lilburne grateful and satisfied at the recovery of his best-loved daughter, and she happy beyond the power of words to tell in the blissful possession of her husband's love, and her restoration to her father.

tion to her father.

The only cloud that cast a shadow upon the perfect contentment of both was the treachery of Grace, and the question as to what would become of her.

When the cold grey morning dawned the snow rustled at the windows as it had done a year ago when the eldest daughter of the Lilburnes was lost and could not be found.

could not be found.

Grace sat up in bed, and wondered if
the past year had been a dream; but the
sight of her wedding-dress spread out
on a couch at the further end of the
room convinced her of the reality of all that had passed.

But she would not or could not think, neither would she allow herself to realise the possibility that Kate's return would in any way interfere with her own marriage.

own marriage.

She meant to carry everything with a high hand, to deny any charge made against her, and to defy her sister and her sister's husband to prove anything

her sister's husband to prove anything against her.

In this frame of mind she rang for her morning cup of tea, and the maid brought the tray, on which, besides the tea and toast, there was a carefully sealed note.

For a second or two she did not break the seal, but when the waiting-woman had left the room, she tore the letter open wildly and read its brief contents.

"Your own conscience Grace Lil."

open wildly and read its brief contents.
"Your own conscience, Grace Lilburne, will probably tell you why I refuse to fulfill my engagement to marry you this morning. I offer no further explanation or excuse for the step I am about to take, but am ready to bear all consequences which was explanations and the step I am about to take, but am ready to bear all consequences. about to take, but am ready to bear all consequences which you or anybody belonging to you may think fit to inflict upon me. By the time this reaches you I shall be on my way to London, where, as soon as the law will permit, Miriam Hindman will become my wife."

wife."
This was signed "Victor Gayherd," and had evidently been written with a total disregard for the feelings of the wretched girl to whom it was address-

wretched girl to whom it was addressed.

Her reason had been tottering on its throne for some months past, though neither Grace nor her friends knew it, and now the last bolt had fallen, and she started up madly from her bed a wild and dangerous maniac.

The servants met her as she was on her way, shrieking and gesticulating frantically, to the disused tower.

They secured her and a doctor was sent for, and all that care and skill could do for her was done, but nothing could save the unhappy girl.

For a few days she lingered in great pain and mental agony, but as the old year was dying she likewise drifted away into the unknown.

Her death was a relief to all who were connected with her.

Another year swiftly passes by and Christmas Day is again upon us.

But this day is the brightest of all the three for Kate and her husband and her father.

To Mr. Lilburne a grandson has been

three for Kate and her husband and ner father.

To Mr. Lilburne a grandson has been born who will bear his name, and he is, if possible, more proud of the tiny boy than are his fond parents.

Nothing indeed is wanting to complete Kate's perfect happiness, though even now she sometimes remembers, with a shudder that awful moment when she was a victim to heartless treachery.

THE END.

Peter, the Great, of Russia, worked out solid reforms by original methods. If a man would not consent to be reformed he flogged him, and if he opposed accomplished reforms he knocked him in the head. He ordered the nobles him in the head. He ordered the nobles to be educated, as he wanted their intelligence as well as ther bodily service. When young noblemen did not attend school voluntarily he sent soldiers to fetch them. If they resisted they were flogged, and if their parents concealed them they were flogged too. Those who failed to pass the examination were condemned to remain unmarried, and compelled to serve in the lower ranks of the navy. From all nobles the great dictator required their nobles the great dictator required their blood, their time and their lives.

#### From Jest to Earnest.

One hot night last July, when the One hot night last July, when the burden of proof-reading in a close room in the office of the Kansas City Times seemed almost suffocating, when the hot air of bluzing gas-burners and the stifling fumes from fifty jets over typos' cases seemed beyond human endurance, Dick Shanks might have been seen working as only night-fiends on morning papers can work, gazing intently working as only night-fiends on morning papers can work, gazing intently at the agate and nonpareil takes, deciphering bad manuscript and laboriously contributing his share to make a morning paper. With fevered brow and tired eyes the old copy-holder toiled on through the busy rush of a "heavy" night, gazing through his spectacles to catch a turned "o" or a wrong font "s." About 3:30 there was a slack in the run of copy, and while Shanks and his fellow-workmen were waiting for other proofs, he began to tell how night-work was wearing on waiting for other proofs, he began to tell how night-work was wearing on him, how he could not sleep through the hot days, and yet how dependant he was upon his small salary for a livelihood! He longed to leave the desk, and told how he had lost a fortune in the war and now had to work like a slave; that he was poor and discouraged with his condition, and he did not care how soon the good angel called him to another world. A few minutes later than this the proof-reader who sat beside him came to a little telegraph "take" which said something about a vast fortune in Kentucky. about a vast fortune in Kentucky. Thinking he could have a little fun by inserting his companion's name in the dispatch, the proof-reader added in a few lines on the manifold paper of the

dispatch these words:
"The only known heir of the Ken tucky Shanks is R. L. Shanks, a proof-reader, supposed to be working like a slave on the *Times*."

The old copy-holder read it and laughingly put it in his vest pocket, where it remained for many months. Of course no one ever dreamed that Or course no one ever dreamed that there was a word of truth in the silly prank of a leisure hour, but it has now come to light that every word of that manufactured telegram is true. Mrs. Shanks one day found the telegram in her husband's vest pocket, and asked what it meant. Just for fun he said it was a true telegram which he had at was a true telegram which he had re-ceived. She told a sister-in-law, and this sister-in-law wrote to Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky., to know if it was so.
The answer came that there was a
fortune there for the heirs of David L.
Shanks, formerly of Virginia; that he
had at one time owned a number of
shares in a turnpike road. He died in
1841, and the annual dividends had accoundlated and been in the public treasury ever since, and that the heirs could not be found. When Dick Shanks saw that letter he knew that his father, who died just before Dick was born, was the former owner of those shares, for his name was David L., and he came from Virginia. The story is a large one, but it is enough to say that subsequent communication with the State Treasurer and county officials has placed Dick Shanks' identity without a doubt as the heir of three-fifths of the entire fund, which had been accumulating for over forty years. The case is in the hands of Mr. C. J. Bower,

of this city, and Dick will soon have his money. -Kansas City Jurnal. -The Vermont State Prison contains six persons serving life sentences for murder and three serving ten, twelve, and eighteen year sentences for manslaughter.

—People of violent temper, says a barber, have close, growing hair. Coarse hair denotes obstinacy, while fine hair indicates refinement, and people whose hair is harsh have amiable but cold natures.—Philadelphia Press. -It having been brought to the notice of a tramp who was mentally enfeebled that there were authenticated instances of weakness of the mind hav-ing been cured by work, he smiled idiotically and inquired: "Who wants

to be cured?"-N. Y. Mail.







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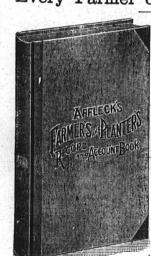
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